

Spaniards cannot make him out, and the few English that meet him set him down only as exceedingly affected. lit* i« something more. The man of pleasure, who, instead of degenerating into a *rouu*, aspires to be a philosopher, is to my mind certainly a respectable, and I think, an interesting character.¹

At Cordova Disraeli saw and was impressed by the great Cathedral Mosque, and noted therein the beautiful 'shrine and chapel of a Moorish saint, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycombed roof as vivid and as brilliant as when the saint was worshipped'; and then he set forth on the long ride to Granada.

To Sarah Disraeli.

What a country have I lived in! I am invited by < a grand lady of Madrid' —I quote our host at; Cordova—to join her escort to Granada: twenty foot soldiers, four servants armed, and *tirailleurs* in the shape of a dozen muleteers. We, rel'ti^eil, for reasons too long here to detail, and set off a few* two hours before, expecting an assault. I should tell you we« dined previously with her and her husband, having agreed to meet to discuss matters. It was a truly (lil Hliis scene. My lord in an undress uniform, slightly imposing in appearance, greeted us with dignity; this signora, exceedingly young and really very pretty, with infinite vivacity and grace. A French valet leant on his chair, and a duenna, such as Stephanoff would draw, broad and supercilious, with jet eyes, mahogany complexion, and hooked-up nose, .si.ootl by my lady bearing a large fan. She was most, complaisant, as she evidently had more confidence in two thick-headed Englishmen with their Purdeys and Mautons than in her specimen of the once famous Spanish infantry. Who *did* not know that we are cowards on principle. I could have roused up my courage to a duel or a battle, but I think my life« worth five pounds in the shape of ransom to Josephine. In spite of her charms and their united eloquence, which, as they only spoke Spanish, was of course most profitable, we successfully resisted. The moon rises on our camp*: for the first two leagues all is anxiety, as it was well known that a strong band was lying in wait for the 'great lady.' After two leagues we began to hope, when suddenly our

¹ *Letters*, p. 27.